

The Bisbee Daily Review

Published Every Day Except Monday by the
State Consolidated Publishing Company

Editorial Rooms—Phone No. 39, 2 rings.
Business Office—Phone No. 39.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

SINGLE COPIES, Daily \$.05
PER MONTH75
THREE MONTHS 2.25
SIX MONTHS 4.00
TWELVE MONTHS 7.50
SUNDAY (Our Weekly) per year 2.50
SUNDAY (Our Weekly) per quarter75
No subscription taken for less than 75c.

Subscribers who fail to receive their paper
promptly are requested to notify the busi-
ness office.

Advertising Rates on Application.
Entered as second-class mail matter.

Sunday Morning, April 18, 1915.

THE TASK OF HERCULES

Tackling the biggest sanitary jobs in the world is Gen. Gorgas' specialty; just as tackling the biggest engineering jobs is Gen. Goethals'. It happens that the chief piece of sanitation now urgent is the elimination of typhus from Serbia, so the medical Hercules is sought by the Rockefeller Foundation for that Austrian task.

It is a work worthy of a Hercules, sure enough. Typhus is the first of the big plagues that were prophesied when the war first broke. It is raging throughout Serbia completing the mortal work of three wars in as many years, supplementing Austrian bullets and local starvation and threatening to wipe the vigorous little nation off the face of the earth. It threatens more than that; for typhus is one of the periest of the whole miasma of plagues, with 60 per cent mortality and facility in spreading that make it the most drastic method. It is one of the "filth diseases." Patient require complete isolation, cleanliness of body, of clothing, of food and shelter, the last word in antiseptic precautions.

A whole country must be cleaned up, burnt, ex-bolized and fumigated. A whole nation, with cleanliness rendered impossible by poverty and sickness, must be bathed, freshly clothed and housed, and dead and nurse into health again.

This is not only for the sake of Serbia. It is for the sake of Europe, to which the lousiest disease will spread unless it is soon checked, and for the sake of the whole world which would be seriously threatened by any European plague of serious dimensions.

The man who cleaned up Cuba and eliminated yellow fever and malaria, and who later prepared the way for the Panama canal and made the tropics livable by whitewashing the disease-bearing mosquito is undoubtedly the man for Serbia. Maj. Gen. Gorgas might prove later to be the man for Austria, too, in case the threatened outbreak of cholera occurs there; a thousand Austria, with its admirable medical science and skill, is usually quite capable of taking care of its own health problems.

OUR LATEST QUEST

The Germans may question our neutrality, but we notice that when a German sea raider is looking for good, safe neutral harbor in which to take refuge from allied warships, it likes for an American port.

The Kronprinz Wilhelm is welcome at Newport News, as the Kilt Frederick was. The government as authorities and private citizens thereabouts haven't we come it quite so effectively as they did the Kilt Frederick, possibly because the Kronprinz hadn't sunk an American merchantman. But Capt. Thierfelder shouldn't be blamed for that failure. He explains, apologetically, that he didn't happen to meet any of our ships.

The charming young captain will now, in all probability, repeat the entertaining performance of Capt. Thierfelder. He will make known his eagerness to go back to sea and resume his raids on British, French and neutral commerce. He will accept our official hospitality to the limit. He will have the barnacles scraped off his ship's bottom, the missing rivets replaced, the loose plates tightened, the rust spots scraped and painted, the engines repaired, the coal bunkers filled.

He will have provisions taken aboard for a long cruise. Perhaps he will take on 50,000 bottles of beer to cheer the hearts of his crew, as his predecessor did. He will keep a fleet of allied cruisers watching, day and night, until the expiration of his time allowance. And then, like Capt. Thierfelder, at the last possible moment he will decide that internment is the better part of valor, and find a cold berth in which to sleep away the remaining wartime.

PROGRESS

These stories of the advancement of the ancient and the futile imitation of the moderns are rather odd. Nero may have had elevators, but he ran them by slave-power—and he hadn't a chemical fire extinguisher in the whole palace. The Romans may have had some method of picture reproduction that was considered first in their day, but they never were met, as the streamers from the Coliseum, with newspapers showing photographs of the Christian martyrs on the bill for that afternoon.

The old Romans seem to have filled teeth, and

even manufactured false ones, after a fashion, but nobody who has seen specimens of their work in a museum would pay one of their dentists ten cents apiece for fillings. Caesar had stenographers—and it took half a dozen of them to keep up with him; not because Julius was such a whirlwind at dictating, but because their shorthand system was as crude as their method of numerical computation.

They had double-bollers, of a sort, in the kitchens of ancient Pompeii, but they hadn't any gas ranges, electric grids or enameled sinks. The city streets were paved with blocks of solid stone meant to last forever, and the streets were so narrow that two chariots could not pass each other without backing out into the suburbs to find room. There was an off trust, too, in Rome—a government-fostered monopoly in olive oil—but there was no Rockefeller Foundation.

There was one respect, though, in which the ancients had us beaten. They had no conscientious scruples. They could work injustice at home, and go forth to lay, subdue and rob other nations without a single qualm of conscience. The modern world is too tender hearted, though it does those same things, it lacks the frog, bold race of the ancient villains and tyrants, and is even constrained to apologize for its wickedness.

COLOR AND COMFORT

The interior decorator who had persuaded a family to have a green kitchen instead of the conventional blue and white spoke of her accomplishment with triumph. Not that she wanted all kitchens green, but that the lighting of that particular kitchen demanded green ones for its success as a comfortable workroom.

There is a growing recognition of the effect of color upon the nerves and mental states of those who come under its influence. Badly chosen color and much busy ornament in a living room is often the cause of nervous fatigue and consequent bad temper. Quietness, simplicity and the right color combinations make restful home or a pleasantly stimulating workroom as the case may be.

The sunless north room calls for plenty of sunny yellow with a bit of dull purple or soft brown. The east room calls for greens or tans, the south room can take the blues or browns that "eat up light" and make pleasant. So it goes. Rooms cannot be dressed like according to a prevailing style with success, any more than women can. Each has its individuality, its possibilities for comfort or restlessness, sweetness or ugliness. Study of lighting and of laws of color in relation to mental effect will well repay the family that is planning the changes which go with spring renovation, if the right wall paper will contribute to the family health, pleasure and well-being, for a year or more, why be careless enough to choose the wrong ones?

MODEL SONS AND MOTHER'S PANCAKES

A woman in Newark, N. J., has brought suit against her husband's parents for alienation of affections. It seems that the husband objected to the size of the saffron pancakes, comparing them unfavorably with those mother used to make. Also, he left her on one occasion after a dispute over a dish of huckleberries in which a single stem had been left, overlooked in the picking over.

And although the wife dutifully took a course in German cooking, hoping to pacify her spouse with her new learning, still he was not satisfied. He even took all his clothes to his mother to be laundered.

The mother always referred to the young man as a "model son."

Perhaps he was, if appreciation of the maternal standards of housewifery is all it takes to make a model. But one cannot believe that he had a model mother.

To bring up a child to intolerance, impatience, dissatisfaction with every slight change in conditions of living is to have failed in maternal duty.

That a man should wish an orderly, pleasant home, a right. But when a young wife is honestly doing her part to produce it, a certain amount of moral support is her due. The mother whose grown son believes that if the duty in the world is toward him and none from him has made a moral mess of her lifework, no matter what her culinary skill.

"Industrial democracy is opposed to profit-sharing," declares Frank Taftbaum, a New York I. W. W. leader. And when George W. Perkins asks him what the industrial workers want, he shouts, "We want it all." Needless to say, no industrial problems will ever be settled on such an uncompromising basis. No capitalist, not even "Divine Right Bae," was ever more unreasonable than that. The sooner the real "industrial workers" are rid of such leaders, the better it will be for the American workingman.

Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday was covered with a foot of sloppy, melting snow. The Sunday following it was enveloped in fog and wet, miserable drizzle. It's a hard world when one has a lot of festive new clothes and can't show them off. It's also hard when one has waited impatiently for the style parade to decide on one's new top. Pity the New York weatherman. Nobody loves him.

Victoriano Huerta, the extinguished Mexican statesman, is with us, "I consider it my first duty," he said, when he reached New York, "to salute this great nation." We take it then, that Gen. Huerta's visit was intended by way of belated amends for his historic failure to salute the American flag.

If Mexico keeps on, pretty soon there won't be enough of her left for a bull fight.

ENGLAND'S COPPER PURCHASES FOR THE LAST PART OF 1914

Of the Fifty Million Pounds Seized by British Ships, the English Government Has Purchased But 19 Millions

Of the approximately 50,000,000 pounds of American copper seized by Great Britain last year and held for prize court there has been purchased for account of the British government 18,816,000 pounds for which about \$2,526,720 was paid.

With the exercising of its option which expired last Monday the English government took over 4,000 tons, of 8,900,000 pounds of copper that had been held at Gibraltar for several months.

Four selling agencies, the United Metals Selling company, American Smelting and Refining company, I. Vogelstein & Co. and the American Metals company, pooled their interests and agreed to sell 5,000 tons of copper in London on March 15, when the option expired. The quotation for that day was a trifle better than \$70 1/2.

Producers figure that they will receive a trifle better than 15 cents a pound, net, New York.

Early in the war four copper-hitch vessels for Rotterdam were held and their metal cargo of 4,000 tons, of 8,854,000 pounds, seized. This was finally bought by the British government at a price which netted the sellers 12 cents, New York, although the bulk of it had been sold to Germany at 14 cents a pound.

The heretofore looking to the purchase by England of copper held at Gibraltar were entered into about three weeks ago, at about which time the United Metals Selling company suddenly advanced its price for domestic business to 15 cents, while the American Smelting and Refining company and Phelps, Dodge & Co. were still making sales at 14 3/4 cents. It was then suggested that the American agency either had an option on big business or had actually sold a big stock of copper.

There still remains to be settled for in some way various tonnage of copper which were on their way to the Scandinavian countries when detained. Prior to the purchase this week of Gibraltar metal there had been released a considerable tonnage of bismuth copper belonging either to the Guaymas of the Amalgamated. The latter company, through United Metals, handles the product of Arizona Copper company, which goes abroad in bismuth pla forms.

Of the copper under option to England 1,000 tons were not bought.

ANOTHER BOARDER!



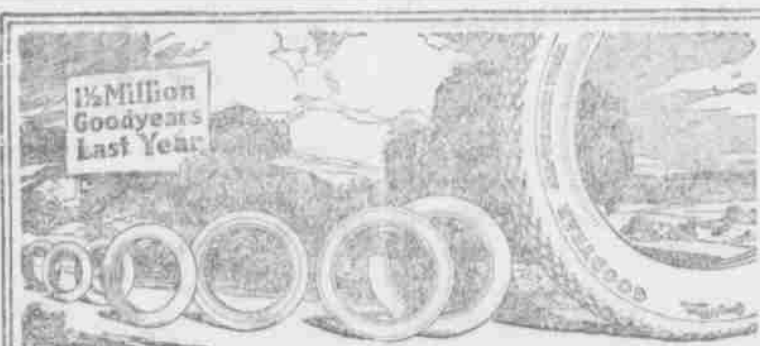
A BATCH OF SMILES

This took place recently in Texas. Twelve men of color were told by the judge to retire and "find a verdict." They departed for the jury room. Then began the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. Every one wondered what the trouble was.

At last the jury came back into the court and the foreman arose and said: "We had looked everywhere, in the drawers and behind the go, 'an can't find no verdict. It wasn't in de room."

"Now, Dorothy," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yech, ma'am," replied Dorothy. "A panther is a man that smacks panthe."



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